

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 697.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1867.

VOL. XXVII. No. 20.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."*

BY DR. EDWARD HANSLICK.

"Romeo and Juliet! Can finer matter for an opera be imagined, than this Solomon's Song of Love? Numerous composers, the Germans Steibelt and George Benda, the Italians Zingarelli, Vaccai, Bellini, and others, have found inspiration in it. Only one mountain stands in the way, and that is named Shakespeare! Who will fly after him, or seek to bear him higher in his flight? The more closely the composer cleaves to Shakespeare's own words, at the more risk to himself does he proceed. For musical purposes, therefore, I would rather choose a paraphrase, which should give merely the outlines of the Shakespearian action, filling them out unpretentiously with one's own diction. Gounod has followed the opposite view, keeping to as much of the original poem as is compatible with the vital conditions, musical and scenic, of an opera. From this point of view the libretto is formed with propriety and skill. It does not catch the fancy by the rich alternation of contrasted figures and scenes like *Faust*; but on the other hand it avoids unsuitable spectacular effects, like the Walpurgis Night, the final Transfiguration, &c.

Exacting critics, who perhaps would like to have the servants' talk and the "*salse dicta*" of the nurse also musically illustrated, blame unfairly the caprice of the arrangement. The only two departures from the original worth mentioning consist in the transformation of the servant Balthasar into a "Page," and in the introducing of the wedding ceremony of Juliet with Paris, during which Juliet, stupefied by the drug, sinks down. The "Page" was necessary, to gain a soprano voice for the ensembles; the Wedding, to interpolate a picture of somewhat fresher coloring between the friar's cell and the vault of the Capulets.

Shakespeare's words are very frequently retained; Gounod has not even allowed the Prologue to escape him, but has used it for a musico-pictorial introduction, the singular charm of which is not to be denied. After some sombre preluding measures of the orchestra the curtain rises, and we see before us a motionless pictorial group of young men and ladies, somewhat like the well known picture of Boccaccio's Florentine party. This chorus sings in simple, mostly unaccompanied chords the short Prologue: "Verone vit jadis deux familles rivales, les Montaigues, les Capulets," &c. The whole appears and vanishes, with the auditorium darkened, like a magical image of light.

The first act begins with the ball at the house of Capulet; Juliet sings out her artless gaiety in an aria, whose waltz-like character is justly found objectionable. Evidently this number (like the jewel aria in *Faust*) is a concession to Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the powerful directress and prima donna of the Théâtre Lyrique. Romeo

appears, masked, with his friends; Mercutio sings the description of Queen Mab. Then follows the first meeting between Romeo and Juliet, and then the strife between Tybalt and Romeo, which is quelled by Capulet. The second Act consists almost entirely of the Balcony scene, preceded by a short male chorus of the friends of Romeo and an Arioso by the latter. The rendezvous of the lovers at the cell of Friar Laurence, who unites them, opens the third Act; a mocking chorus and a song in strophes (Canzone) of the Page lead in the Finale, which ends with the fight between the two hostile parties and the death of Mercutio. The first half of the fourth Act is filled entirely by the great love duet of the young newly wedded pair, musically the most prominent piece of the opera. This is followed by an Aria of Friar Laurence, who hands to Juliet the numbing potion, and the wedding ceremony with chorus, march and a short dance; the Act concludes with Juliet's supposed death. The fifth Act is played in the burial vault exclusively between the two lovers, over whose corpses locked in the last embrace the curtain falls.

We defer a close musical criticism of the opera the more willingly, as it is just about to be performed here (in Vienna), and we would not anticipate the first impression of the public and the critics. There can be no contradiction of the assertion that the composer has given himself to his difficult task with singular devotion and perseverance. Gounod is a very earnest man, somewhat inclined to enthusiasm, who comprehends the mission of Art from the highest standpoint and serves it with an almost religious zeal. On the composition of the *Romeo*, which he began immediately after the *Faust*, Gounod (with a few necessary interruptions for smaller works) has labored eight years, and surely with the purest striving to achieve his best. We must never forget that Gounod is a Frenchman, and cannot possibly quite emancipate himself from his nation's way of seeing and of feeling. Moreover Gounod—an enthusiastic worshipper and connoisseur of German masters—has approached the German operatic ideal and the hearty, genial character of our music more nearly than any other Frenchman.

With all due recognition of Gounod's artistically pure aim and lofty aspirations, we cannot at the same time conceal from ourselves, that his *Romeo and Juliet* on the whole betrays a weakening of the creative faculty. The wealth of melody, the freshness and vivacity of the *Faust* we find again only in the happiest moments of *Romeo*. These appear the most richly in the tender, lyrical scenes; where a high-strung and persistent dramatic strength is required, Gounod's strength is lame. This will be perceived in the quarrel scene and the Finale of the third Act, where a poor, almost note-for-note reminiscence of the mocking chorus in the *Huguenots* passes with our composer. Compared with the figures of Romeo and Juliet, which are executed *con amore*, the others fall off materially; Capulet's

rather Philister-like honesty and Friar Laurence's monotonous unction leave the hearer indifferent. Of fine, ingenious detail, of charming characteristic traits, we find rich store, as we should expect with Gounod. But his dramatic power in *Romeo* has short breath, and the musical invention not seldom a monotonous and feebly trickling flow. Both as to melody and harmony, *Romeo* reminds you strongly of the music to *Faust*; the finest number of the opera, the love duet in the fourth Act, is pervaded by the same sweetly narcotic Acacia odor, which has made us so willingly captive in the garden scene between Faust and Margaret.

A "Kapellmeister" of the Seventeenth Century.*

(Continued from page 146).

The Elector for a long time refused his consent to the Italian journey; he now, however, yielded to the repeated and urgent solicitations of his Kapellmeister, and granted him permission to go. Schütz's efforts during this trip were not directed to gaining over and engaging distinguished singers or instrumentalists, but zealously observing, and, if possible, obtaining possession of all objects connected with music which could tend to improve the Dresden establishment, his beloved *corpus musicorum*. That his own means would not go far in making purchases is evident, but he did not hesitate incurring considerable debts, in the firm conviction that his art-loving sovereign would liberally supply the wanting funds.—As the fearful war, which had been raging in Germany for the last ten years, had hitherto pretty well spared the Saxon territory, the Elector made no demur, but acceded to Schütz's request to give something more than usual. Schütz first received four hundred and then three hundred thalers. But Schütz and his master were not destined to profit at once by the brilliant acquisitions made for the chapel, as, shortly after Schütz's return, Saxony became almost the focus of the war. Distress burst out, and in the following year the general misery was endless.

As a matter of course, any cultivation of art was, under such circumstances, out of the question. Where was the Elector to find the means of alleviating the wretchedness of a few musicians and their families, when he required his money so preyingly for other things? In this crisis, it was Schütz who assisted the sufferers by word and deed; who, with kind arguments and not inconsiderable sacrifices, alleviated the deep misery of the members of his chapel. All his urgent representations at Court were insufficient to procure the payment of arrears, and how far could his own means reach? This fearful period strode with iron foot over musicians just as it did over other people, and the most heart-rending pictures are presented to our gaze. The musicians wanted the very necessities of life; some went one way, some went another, and the chapel that had been created with such trouble and such industry was partially broken up. He would rather, Schütz writes, be "Cantor" or organist in his own little town than remain longer in such a position. If things continue thus, he said, he should be compelled to seek an asylum elsewhere, for he had already advanced at least three hundred thalers to the poor people.

It was not till after the year 1640 that there was a change for the better, though it was long

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

* Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.

before the distress ceased. In 1641, Schütz was able to make proposals to his sovereign for the re-establishment of the *corpus musicorum*. It was too costly a process to engage new members; so he admitted fresh chapel-boys and instrumental boys to assist the members who still remained. This was decidedly the cheapest and surest plan for establishing a new chapel. The Electoral Prince—afterwards Johann Georg II.—took a greater interest in music than even the Elector himself, and thus a new chapel gradually grew up, though its condition previous to the termination of the war cannot be described as particularly gratifying.

It may easily be imagined that, after a period so full of labor and care, Schütz should yearn for repose, and we cannot feel surprised that, in 1651, when he was 66, he begged permission to retire. He was impelled to make this request principally by misunderstandings with the Italians, whom the Electoral Prince had attracted to Dresden for the purpose of forming a chapel of his own. Schütz, who was better versed than any one else in the Italian style, had to exert himself most actively in carrying out the Prince's wishes, till, at last, he was so overburdened with work that he felt his strength stagger beneath it. He represented that his eyes were becoming feeble, and that he was by no means sure of being able to maintain in his old age any little reputation he might have achieved in his younger years; that scholars could not estimate the great difficulties of his post, as no studies of similar nature to his were pursued at German Universities. Notwithstanding all his entreaties, the Elector would not let him go, although he gave him, in 1658, his pupil, Christoph Bernhard as a substitute. Even when Johann Georg I. died, in 1656, and the Prince's chapel entirely disappeared, being partially blended, by the way, with the Electoral chapel, Schütz was appointed chapelmaster, and performed the duties of that post during quite sixteen years, though, of course, not with his old strength and freshness. In this situation he gained, however, the affection and esteem of the Italians themselves in the highest degree, and, when the venerable old man died at the age of eighty-seven, he was accompanied to the grave by the love, gratitude, and admiration of all his friends and contemporaries.

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.*

(Continued from page 146.)

It is a well-known fact that, even as early as the 18th century, warmer interest began to be felt for the treasures handed down from classical antiquity, and the code of morals contained in them—a code opposed to the specifically Christian views of the Middle Ages. Until then almost exclusively confined to monasteries and school-divines, classical literature now began to be the intellectual property of poets, artists, intelligent princes, and other leading men. It is true that care was still taken, as is proved by Dante's poem among other works, to subordinate the elements of classical teaching to the views of the Middle Ages, so that the antique element could present itself effectively only as tolerated by the imagination, and not as independent, and, therefore, affecting the life of the Present in a new and independent manner. It did not do this till the 15th and 16th century, when in consequence of the discoveries in astronomy, at variance with the tenets of the Church, the discovery of America, the progress of the burgher class in commerce, art, and industry, and, above all, in consequence of the Reformation, the limits of the old ideas and the former state of things were everywhere broken through. As one of the most important results of these tremendous mental shocks and material revolutions was a new and joyous return to this world, a secularization in the best sense of the term, and therefore, an uninterrupted progressive reconciliation of Christianity with the world, from that period down to the present day, as if, so to speak, the various peoples once more felt at home in their own

country, their own language, and their own nationality, it was only natural that Antiquity should be more deeply, and, at the same time, more popularly comprehended in all the peculiarity and originality of its teaching, than it was in the 18th century. It may be said that the partiality for Antiquity degenerated, in the 16th century, almost into mannerism. At Florence, Rome, and Venice, on festive occasions, public processions were got up, in which the figures of the gods and heroes of the Greeks traversed the streets. Raphael wrote his enthusiastic letter to Pope Leo X.; Michael Angelo sank into entranced contemplation of the Farnese Hercules; poets, painters, and sculptors, began to take their subjects quite as much from the world of ideas belonging to the *classical times* as to those of the *Middle Ages*. It was the fashion to compare the great ones of this earth with Mars, Caesar, and Titus, while the great ones themselves thought it an honor to raise their capitals, Courts, and universities into nurseries, where art and science, striking root in the Anteque, might blossom afresh. Under such circumstances, it was only natural that the elements of classical culture should begin to influence music as well as other things. Hero again, it is wonderfully and convincingly apparent how closely connected *Poetry* and *Music* have come down to us from the earliest period of history.

To revive the tragedy of the Ancients, an association of artists and lovers of art was formed, in the year 1580, at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte de Vernio, in Florence. It comprised among its members the Macenases, Vicenzio Galilei, Giacomo Corsi, Pietro Strozzi; the poets, Ottavio Rinuccini, Orazio Vecchi; and the composers, Emilio del Cavalieri, Giacomo Peri, and Giulio Caccini. One result of the efforts of this society was the composition of the first lyrical opera, *Dafne*, the poem by Rinuccini, produced at Florence in 1594. This was followed by the first tragic opera, *Orfeo ed Euridice*, the poem by Rinuccini, the music by Peri and Caccini. As already stated, the sole object of these enthusiasts for classical Antiquity was to revive the antique Drama. They thought, therefore, principally, of enriching *Poetry* rather than *music*, to which latter it was their intention to assign merely a secondary part. That *music*, however, should reap the largest harvest from their efforts, as it did, since an entirely new kind of composition, *opera*, sprang from them, is one of those wondrous phenomena of which we meet with more than one instance as the elements of progress appertaining to different epochs of civilization cross each other's path.

However little the rise of *opera* we have here described appears at first to have to do with *Oratorio*, every one must admit that it exercised a most important influence on the last named branch of art, when we show that precisely in these earliest dramatico-musical attempts was discovered the formula by virtue of which *Oratorio* was first enabled to attain the importance of an *epic tone-poem*; we mean developed *recitative*. This was like the recitations in the Mysteries at an earlier period; it first rendered possible any kind of musical narrative, and yet it was entirely different from them. The recitations somewhat resembled the responsories and antiphonies which were declaimed on the same tone repeated, and musically limited by the same initiatory and concluding formula, such as we find them, even at the present day, in the Greek and the Roman Catholic Church, or in the Synagogue. But in the dramatic recitative of the Florentines above mentioned, the object proposed was a musical rendering of the text not merely corresponding in a general way with the meaning to be expressed, but adapted to each particular word, so that free scope was left to musical fancy and invention, and the declamatorily or melodically developed phrase took the place of the monotonous psalmody style.

While this kind of recitative assumed a more and more *dramatic* coloring in *opera*, especially where the object was to represent a sudden change in the feelings and impressions of the different characters, or to work up the situation to

a dramatic climax by means of laconic and passionate interpellations and replies, it was, on the contrary, marked in *Oratorio* by a more staid and calmer bearing, such as the spirit of *epic music* demanded. It is true that, even here, though more broadly and diffusely treated than in *opera*, recitative serves to afford the personages introduced as speaking an opportunity for expressing an abrupt change of feeling, or sudden and deep emotion; its chief and powerful object was, however, to *announce*, to *inform*, and to *narrate*; to *animate*, and fully express the purport of, the story; and to connect, with a due regard to form and style, as well as *epically*, the principal points now represented as more especially lyrical, and now as more especially dramatic, occurring within the framework of that story.

From recitative thus developed to the forms of the *air* and of the *duet* there was but one step.—Where formerly, in the recitative style, the sentiment willingly tarried awhile, and sought a resting-point, or found an opportunity for the utterance of its increased force, and, consequently, loved to spread out musically, in a melodic or pathetic manner, there now were introduced the *air*, the *duet*, the *trio*, etc., either as a developed lyrical, or a dramatico-musical fact, or attaining its complete expression. A great support for the development of the new art-form that thus arose was derived from the progress made meanwhile, up to a certain point, by *instrumental music*, which rendered it possible to accompany the recitatives, arias, duets, etc., in question, either on the organ or the manichord, or with string and wind-instruments, and to write a bass to them.

(To be continued.)

MS. Works of Mendelssohn brought to Light.

1. THE REFORMATION SYMPHONY.

(From the London Telegraph, Dec. 2.)

* * * * * A singular history is attached to the work to which we allude. The symphony in D minor—which, by-the-by, both begins and ends in the major—was written expressly zur Feier des Reformationsfestes, in celebration, that is to say, of the tercentenary festival of the Augsburg Protestant Confession, solemnized throughout Germany on the 25th June, 1830. But party spirit ran high then, and although Mendelssohn had completed the symphony in ample time, he preferred to postpone its production until it could be listened to without passion and criticized without prejudice. But when two years afterwards, on his return from Italy, where his well-known symphony in A major had chiefly engaged his attention, he visited Paris, he bethought him of the earlier work, and arranged that it should be given at a Conservatoire concert. In one of his letters he writes that he "is looking forward to the D minor symphony, which," he says, referring, doubtless, to the fact of its having been composed for a Protestant festival, "I never dreamed that I should hear for the first time in Paris." Nor did he hear it there. For the cholera broke out, Mendelssohn himself was attacked, the city was deserted, and the composer arrived in London without hearing his work performed. The above extract from his letters proves that the "Reformation Symphony" had never been given up to February, 1832, and it has been generally supposed that the work was never publicly performed. In the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, however, for February, 1833, we have lighted upon the report of a concert said to have been given in the preceding November, at which three new compositions of Mendelssohn—new to the people of Berlin, that is—were brought forward. These were the Reformation Symphony, the G-minor Concerto, and the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Strangely enough, it does not state who played the concerto or who conducted the symphony. We can have no doubt, however, that it was Mendelssohn himself, for he is reported to have played at the same concert one of Beethoven's sonatas. The few words which the critic bestows upon the symphony may be worth repeating, inasmuch as everything is interesting that relates to a great man. "The symphony," says the writer, "begins solemnly, is then wildly agitated (*wild bewegt*), and has a humorous scherzo and artistic and lively concluding allegro. The frequent strains of well known chorale melodies, e.g., 'Ein feste Burg,' are cleverly interwoven; nevertheless, a more solemn rather than stormy wild and gloomy character world, on the whole have imparted to this tone-picture a more engaging coloring."

* From the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.

After such fashion was a great work by the foremost composer of his time commented upon in the most important musical periodical of Germany. If journalism reflected the opinion of the day, Mendelssohn can scarcely have been appreciated at his full value. The Reformation Symphony was never, so far as we know, repeated, and it is possible that its fastidious author had an idea of modifying it at some future time. Death, however, put an end to all such designs, and the executors of the composer, too careful of his reputation, refused to make the work public. Now that we have heard the Reformation Symphony we are utterly at a loss to understand the principle on which they have acted. They have given to us, at intervals, it is true, and with apparent reluctance, the music to "Athalie" and "Edipus," the "Lauda Sion," the "Finale to Loreley," the "Heimkehr"—known here as "Son and Stranger"—the Italian symphony, the F-minor quartet, the B-flat quintet, and the overture to "Ray Blas"—all compositions which Mendelssohn himself had abstained from making public. And yet they obstinately refused to publish or lend the score of a work which, as it seems to us, is as valuable as any of the above-mentioned treasures.

Lately, however, a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream, and, thanks to Herr Carl Mendelssohn, the son of the composer, the Trumpet overture, the eighth book of Songs without Words, and, lastly, the Reformation Symphony, have been given up in rapid succession. The announcement that the latter work would be given on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace produced almost as much excitement among musical people as the production of an undiscovered play from Shakespeare's pen would cause among play-goers. Not a corner of the immense concert-room was unoccupied, and among the audience could be discerned the familiar faces of all the connoisseurs, professional and amateur, in London.

We have not the hardihood to attempt the analysis of so important a work after a single hearing, nor can we venture precisely to denote its position among the symphonies which have been left to us by Mendelssohn. In one respect, at least, it seems to us to excel them all. It has a distinctly defined aim and object. It has been inspired by one grand idea, which, from the first note to the last, is never once lost sight of. Written to celebrate the Reformation, in the faith of which Mendelssohn himself was brought up, it depicts in brilliant colors the rise and progress, the past and future of Protestantism. It is, in fact, a drama, the action of which is carried on by the orchestra. And in this we see an illustration of the advance which has been made in the most popular art of modern times. In the early history of music we find that the instruments are employed as gentle, submissive handmaidens of the human voice, the Queen of them all. Like willing slaves, they prepare the way for her approach; like considerate attendants, they support her on her progress, and give her time to breathe when she is tired; while, like discreet and well-trained courtiers, they lapse into hushed silence as soon as she opens her mouth. But, as time goes on, the "mechanical-minded" instruments, like intelligent subjects of a weak monarch, pluck up a heart, and dare to let their voices be heard, even when royalty speaks. And so, in the orchestra as in the states, the spirit of insubordination and independence goes on increasing, until at length all the instruments combine, and form a republic in which none but the best man can play first fiddle. With these quick-tongued and eloquent citizens for actors, and with the stage for a concert room, does Mendelssohn play out the great drama of the Reformation.

He opens with a short *andante* of ecclesiastical character, the calm solemn beauty of which may denote the perfect contentment in which all nations lived when there flourished but one Christian Church. This slow movement, however, speedily gives place to an *allegro con fuoco*, in which is prominent a certain melody, which, taken from responses used in the Roman Catholic service, and much admired by Mendelssohn, may be supposed to symbolize that faith. But the mutterings of doubt begin to rise, and when these are quickly suppressed, they are exchanged for one of those long melodic phrases of wild, wailing melancholy such as Mendelssohn introduced into the Scotch Symphony, and which here may denote suffering to which the suppression of dissent gave rise. At the end of the elaborately written movement, however, the victory seems to remain with the established church, and here the first act of the drama concludes. But human nature cannot always be a prey to the sadness which waits upon serious doubt; so the second movement, an *allegro vivace*, is as lively as the first was sad. The scherzo—for such it really is—opens with a charmingly sparkling and exhilarating theme, and the merriment, as though it were the outpouring of exuberant animal spirits, gets more

and more boisterous until, checked by a delicious phrase, which, stealing gently in, hushes the reckless confusion as though it were voice from heaven, reminding the merrymakers that there is a peace above which far transcends the mere jollity of this life. Three times does this heavenly phrase recur, each time exerting the self-same tranquillizing influence, while the graceful flowing melody of the trio also arrests the prevailing cheerfulness of the movement; but gaiety at length gains the upper hand, and the *coda* is distinguished by a persistent playfulness that never flags.

The third movement, an *andante*, opening with a long and highly expressive melody, given out by all the string band, suggests most powerfully the despair of unbelief; but when this anguish has subsided into hopeless silence, the melody of the famous Lutheran chorale, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," allotted to the flute solo, falls upon the ear with the softness of the "gentle dew from heaven." Once announced, though in never such tranquil tone, the melody that signifies the protesting tenets gains gradually in strength and purpose. It perpetually starts up from different regions of the orchestra with unanticipated effect. Often suppressed and often struggling with difficulty to make itself heard, it is never long silent. Like the pure faith it symbolizes, which no blandishments could corrupt and no persecution could root out, the melody makes itself everywhere felt. A most masterly fugue begins to cleave its stubborn, unfinching way through all opposition, and the scarcely less determined chorale follows close in the path thus rudely made. But the road becomes broader, and then the hymn begins to march victoriously, *pari passu*, with the fugue. We have scarcely time to note the splendid skill with which the two subjects are worked together, for a brief reminiscence of the first movement, suggesting the hold which the ancient faith still has upon religious minds, reappears only to be speedily absorbed, and the grand chorale, having overcome all opposition, is finally given out with all the force of the full orchestra—a symbol of the certain ultimate triumph and universal supremacy of the Church of Christ, in its simplest, purest, and holiest form. With this noble annunciation of the Lutheran hymn doth the Reformation Symphony conclude. It is, at least, a graceful fancy that the spirits of the departed still haunt the earth. The spirit of the mighty genius whose "counterfeit presentment" was on Saturday crowned with laurel must surely have been present when one of his noblest creations was awakened from long slumber to a second youth.

The symphony was throughout listened to with absorbed attention, the scherzo was enthusiastically encored, and Mr. Manns, at its conclusion, was specially summoned to receive a tribute well earned by the marvellously fine performance of the orchestra he conducts so well.

II. EIGHTH BOOK OF SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

Musicians will need no telling that this eighth book of the beautiful effusions for the pianoforte which alone would make their composer's name a household word to the end of time, has hitherto been kept from the public by his executors. The repertory and amendment of those individuals have been tardy, but—better late than never—they have now seen the error of their ways, and have given a first instalment of the dead musician's treasures to the world. Leaving the other works out of the question, it is hard to tell why the *lieder* were so long withheld. Not even the most inveterate detractor of Mendelssohn would say that they are unworthy of publication; and no one else would be likely to adjudge them unworthy of their author. On a smaller scale, and in all respects less ambitious than their predecessors, they undoubtedly are; but every one of them contains more or less of Mendelssohn's characteristic melodies, and, so far from doing his reputation an injury, will have an effect the very reverse. This new book gives the master a new claim upon the love and admiration of all who have learned to love and admire him for his works' sake. On account of reasons which will readily suggest themselves, the six "songs" were not taken on Monday in the order they are printed. What that order may be we do not yet know, and therefore we are driven to speak of them according to the numbers by which they are known on this special occasion. No. 1 is an *andante un poco agitato* in E minor, and has a pensive, melancholy, almost mournful theme, with the syncopated accompaniment its composer so often used. No. 2, an *andante* in C major, is marked by quiet, lovely melody, and unpretentious four-part harmony, examples of which will at once occur as being found in the preceding books. The *allegro vivace* in A major, which stood as No. 3, is thoroughly Mendelssohnian in its delicate grace and refined gladness,

which a dash of the pensive makes more interesting. With this the religious peace and calm of No. 4—an *adagio* in D major—was in admirable contrast. Here, again, Mendelssohn has resorted to four-part harmony. The type of No. 5—an *andante agitato* in G minor—is very familiar. It presents the charming theme and the *arpeggio* accompaniment every pianoforte player knows so well. No. 6 is a *presto* in C major, brimful of joyous abandon, which dashes into its course (taking the listener with it), and never stopping to breathe till the end is reached, when, as on Monday, the listener wants to make the journey again. Such, in very brief, are the new treasures shortly to be placed within the reach of pianoforte players. We congratulate them on the prospect. As regards the manner in which they were performed, we must at once say that Madame Arabella Goddard discharged her responsible duty to perfection. That lady's task might well have made her nervous; for it is no light thing to come forward as the first interpreter to the world of a great master's utterances. In some sort, not only the credit of the performer, but of the composer also, rested upon her, and must have been felt in proportion to the already-acquired fame of each. But, whether nervous or not, Mendelssohn was safe in Madame Goddard's hands, and needed no better exponent. Each "song" came forth, for the first time, true to the composer's ideal, in expression no less than in execution, and was at once accepted as being so with the "unerring instinct" of such an audience in such a case.—*Times*.

The Bavarian Sitting.

SCENE.—An Apartment in the House of Wittelsbach.
On the Throne is seated the one and only Wagner, at his feet the King of Bavaria.

H. M. Wagner—The King—High-honored and heaven-gifted poet: another deputation has brought its ever-respectful feet to our door, and awaits the world-celebrated honor of receiving my revered wishes in reference to the about-to-be-passed treaty, which has been accepted by the almost unanimous voice of our Lower House.

H. M. Wagner—Majesty, don't interrupt. I am just beginning the fifteenth act of my never-too-much-to-be-praised-and-admired-operatic and dramatic entirety, entitled *Blutwurst und Geschei, oder Musikalische Katzenharmonie*, by the only one Wagner—my honored self.

H. M. the King—How beautiful—how all-heavenly the title! Let us away to the mountains—to Sternberg—anywhere—where I may fill my eager-swallowing soul with thy real Wagnerian harmonies.

H. M. Wagner—Halt's manu, Majestat. My new work will take three days and three nights to perform.

H. M. the King—All-beloved heaven, how delicious! The hangman take politics, and my brother of Hades carry off Bismarck. I would give up Nürnberg, Augsburg, and Bamberg for an overture from thee, Great Poet!

H. M. Wagner—Overture! Your Majesty is softening as to his royal brain. I never write overtures. Leave them to the cursed Italian-composition imitators. My genius awaits the descent, and not the rising of the curtain, to bring the all-stirring notes of the orchestra into play.

H. M. the King—But, Poet, even now I hear the door-knocking-knuckles of the different on-the-pavement-marshalled delegations. What must I say? Speak.

H. M. Wagner—Majesty, you're a decided fool. If your weak belief prompts you to these unseemly interruptions, I shall be guilty of a false discord—nay, I might even fall into a weak ebullition of melody, which might bring the Abbé Liszt's maledictions down on my to-noise-devoted head.

H. M. the King—But Poet-Brother, how can I decide without your consent? Hohenlohe is by no means conciliatory.

H. M. Wagner—Hohenlohe doesn't believe in the divine right of musicians of the future. Hohenlohe must be instructed. What's the row, Majesty?

H. M. the King—Divine composer—

H. M. Wagner—Stay, Majesty. A theme for five bassoons and thirteen side-drums, in unison, flits across my Apollo-blessed brain. Give me my tablets.

H. M. the King—My noble Poet, I have that honor. But e'er thy seraphic inspirations vault on to harmonious back of Pegasus, strike the one chord in my people's heart through mine.

H. M. Wagner—In the name of all that's holy, Majesty, leave me alone, or I shall at once retire to the Court of Vienna.

H. M. the King—Heaven avert such calamity—pregnant disaster!

H. M. Wagner—Listen once, Majesty. Does Prussia threaten to tax the people's beer by a single krentz?

H. M. the King—Warum nicht gar! There's no fear of that.

H. M. Wagner—Then go ahead. Vote for Bismarck and Bierisch Beer?—London Tomahawk.

Music Abroad.

London.

ORATORIO. During the last week in November *Elijah* was performed both by the Sacred Harmonic and the National Choral Society. The former Society held in the same week its 35th annual meeting at Exeter Hall, the president, Mr. J. N. Harrison, in the chair.

The report, a document of considerable length, stated that the subscription list had been, as usual, as full as the committee considered it desirable to encourage; that the concerts had always been attended by crowded audiences, and that they had satisfied the committee that their exertions to maintain the society as the greatest choral institution in the world had been attended with success. Reference was made to the steps taken by the committee to maintain the efficiency of the orchestra, and it was stated that many of the elder members of the orchestra had retired, their places being occupied by younger members, who were only admitted after the strictest trial as to their ability and promise to attend rehearsals with regularity. The members were informed that the committee had entered into arrangements with the directors of the Crystal Palace for another Grand Handel Festival in 1868, and from the steps which were in contemplation in reference thereto no doubt was entertained by the committee that it would surpass its predecessors. Several of the oratorios and other works performed by the society during the past season had not been performed for several seasons, in addition to which Mr. Benedict's cantata "St. Cecilia," had also been performed by the society for the first time in London. It met with great success, and had since been performed at the last Birmingham Festival and at several other places in the country. Reference was made to the benefit concert undertaken by Mr. Costa and the society in aid of the fund for restoring the destroyed portion of the Crystal Palace. The thanks of the directors and of the shareholders of the company had been given to the committee, and it was hoped that the example thus set, and subsequently by distinguished foreigners, might be more generally followed.

The accounts of the society for the past year were read by the treasurer. The receipts had been £5091, 16s. 11d.; the payments for the year, including some considerable purchase of music and refitting the offices at Exeter Hall, £5,143 19s. 1d. The property of the society was valued at a little under £10,000, including £4,500 in the public funds.

The report was adopted, and the retiring members of the committee re-elected.

It was stated that the next concert would be the 300th given by the society in the large hall at Exeter Hall, and that the committee had requested Mr. Costa to allow his oratorio "Naaman" to be performed on this occasion as a slight mark of their esteem. Upon this a resolution was moved by Mr. Puttick and seconded by Mr. Hill that the receipts from this concert be handed over to the benevolent fund of the society, the society defraying the whole cost of the concert, and that the members and subscribers of the society be requested to aid in forwarding the benevolent object.

The cordial thanks of the members were given to Mr. Costa for his great exertions during the past year, to whom they offered their congratulations at the success with which those exertions had been attended.

Votes of thanks were then passed to the president, the treasurer, and other officers of the society; and the meeting separated without a dissentient voice having been raised during the two hours' proceedings.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. The second Monday Popular concert was interesting as presenting an eighth book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, second of the books posthumously published. The programme in which these *Lieder* formed a part was as follows:

Quintet in A major, for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello. MM. Lazarus, Straus, L. Rice, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti. Mozart. Song, "Where the bee sucks." Miss Cecilia Westbrook. Arthur Sullivan.

Lieder Ohne Worte, book 8, posthumous publication; first time of public performance in any country. Mme. Arabella Goddard. Mendelssohn. Sonatas in D major, op. 58, for piano and cello. Mme. Arabella Goddard. Mendelssohn. Song, "Pack, clouds away." Miss Cecilia Westbrook: clarinet obligato. Mr. Lazarus. Macfarren. Quartet in C major, op. 74, No. 1, for two violins, viola and cello; first time at the Monday Popular Concerts. MM. Strauss, L. Rice, Henry Blagrove and Piatti. Haydn.

The eighth book contains six *Lieder*, the dates and localities of their composition being mostly indicated. No. 1 was written in London on the 12th of June 1842, and No. 2 on July 5th in the same capital. No. 3 was composed at Leipzig on the 12th of December 1845, and No. 4 is from an undated manuscript belonging to Mrs. Klingemann, the wife of an intimate friend of Mendelssohn. Nos. 5 and 6 were composed February 5th, 1841, and December 12th, 1845, the place not being named in either case. Of the collection it may be briefly said that they show more power and beauty than the seventh book, published after the death of Mendelssohn. In every case they are calculated rather to advance than detract from the fame of the composer. For the manner in which they were rendered by Mme. Goddard we have only unqualified praise. An encore awaited her for Nos. 3 and 6, and the applause at the end was most hearty. These *Lieder* are published by Messrs. Ewer & Co. The clarinet quintet of Mozart was given to perfection. Miss Westbrook ably filled the post of vocalist, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan supplied the place of Mr. Benedict as conductor. At the third concert on last Monday we had no special novelty. A fifth performance of Schubert's quartet in D charmed the auditory, being unexpectedly played by MM. Strauss, Rice, Blagrove, and Piatti. A sonata in A major, for violin or German flute, composed by Handel, was introduced by Herr Strauss for the first time, and pleased considerably, notwithstanding its antiquated form. It is in four movements, with a piano forte accompaniment, not however Handel's. The adagio in F sharp minor is particularly fine. Mr. Hallé was the pianist, and selected Beethoven's sonata in G, Op. 31, a composition which he played with marvellous effect—especially the sweet and melodious adagio in C. Mr. Hallé was warmly welcomed. Mme. Sinico, the vocalist, gave us "My mother bids me bind my hair," "Non temer" with violin, obligato, and Gounod's ever popular serenade, to which Signor Piatti's violoncello formed a good accompaniment.

The first of a series of "historical performances of pianoforte music" was given by Herr Pauer in Hanover Square on Wednesday. The programme, made up of certain compositions in consecutive order of production, was apportioned into two parts; the pre-piano or clavecin age, and the pianoforte age. In the first we had Kuhnau, Handel, S. Bach, and Friedemann, all of whom furnished specimens for Herr Pauer's illustrations; in the second part we had E. Bach, Hässler, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Liszt and Thalberg. It is needless to say that all the illustrations, which are too numerous for specification, were given by Herr Pauer with his usual careful and artistic style of playing. As the concert was a matinée the audience were mostly composed of ladies.—*Orchestra*, Nov. 30.

BURNT UP.—A cable despatch brings intelligence of the destruction by fire of Her Majesty's Theatre, the largest in London, and one of the largest in the world. There are more traditions and recollections attached to this house than to any existing theatre. It was the first home of Italian opera in London, when that class of entertainment was patronized solely by the exclusive English aristocracy. It was the scene of the early triumphs of the greatest artists that ever lived, Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, Tamburini, Viardot Garcia, Lablache, Grisi and Mario, Jenny Lind, and, later, of Titiens, Piccolomini, and the ill-fated Giuglini; and the very week of its destruction witnessed the triumphant success of America's pet prima-donna, Miss Kellogg. Besides these great singers in opera, all the most famous dancers have graced its boards in the days when the ballet was an institution in London.—Fanny Ellsler, Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and many others, and it was the only house in England where ballet was ever made popular. The early directors, men of great wealth, successively lost colossal fortunes in trying to build up Italian opera in London, and the later ones, without exceptions, failed to achieve any pecuniary success. The loss will be greatly deplored by the aristocratic music-loving community of Europe.

Her Majesty's Theatre had a seating capacity of over 6,000 persons. The lessee of the establishment was Mr. Mapleson, who had during several seasons past conducted Italian opera in opposition to Mr. Gye at Covent Garden. It was, as we have said, at Her Majesty's that Miss Kellogg made her *début* last

month, the season being an extra one, occasioned by the sitting of the Abyssinian Parliament. Mr. Mapleson has suffered a heavy loss through the destruction of his fine wardrobe, catalogue of music and scenery. The disaster is all the more untimely for him, since the last season had entailed a large deficiency which he had hoped through the Kellogg to recover.

It is not impossible that Miss Kellogg's contract will now be transferred to the Covent Garden (Royal Italian) opera.

The destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre must seriously affect the gay world in London, unless Mr. Gye shall determine to occupy the gap at once, by instituting a campaign for which he had made no preparation.

Paris.

THE ORPHEON.—In the correspondence of the *Orchestra*, November 26, we have the following account of this important institution for the recreation and refinement of the French people:

The *Orphéon* furnishes to the youth of the Communal schools instruction in the elements of music, and by making them acquainted with the beauties of the best poetry, and revealing to them the primordial laws of harmony, cultivates the ear, and teaches them to speak their language with a purer pronunciation. There they acquire the taste for elevating recreations, and learn, above all, how from the union of voices may spring the union of hearts. For at the *Orphéon* all classes meet together—masters and workmen, townsmen and soldiers, rich and poor, peasants and citizens;—all liberal minds are interested in this useful institution, as yet hardly thirty years old. It is after the *Liedertafeln* of Germany and Switzerland that the *Orphéon* has been modelled. The first German *Liedertafel* was founded at Berlin, in 1808, by the musician Zelter, assisted by Goethe; and another poet, none other than Béranger, contributed to the success of the *Orphéon* by proposing B. Wilhem as singing master in the schools of mutual instruction, when in October, 1818, the study of music was introduced into them. It was not until 1835, however, that the municipal council of Paris ordered the introduction of singing into the Communal schools. Three years later, singing was regularly taught in all the universities. There remained the working classes, both at Paris and in the departments. At the suggestion and under the eye of Wilhem, M. Hubert, an excellent professor, opened, in 1835, in the Rue Montgolfier, a course of vocal music for working people, and the pupils of these evening schools were able, at the end of a few months, to sing in chorus. This first success led to the opening of similar schools at the Halle aux Draps, the Rue de Fleurus, the Rue d'Argenteuil, and elsewhere; and to-day, according to official documents, there are in France 3,243 choral societies, numbering 147,500 singers. The *Orphéon* had thus at its disposition hundreds of tenor and bass voices to reinforce and complete the choruses of our Communal schools. The more the public performances were multiplied, the more clearly manifest became the interest felt in the cause of the *Orphéon*. In 1852, the functions at first discharged by B. Wilhem, and afterwards by M. Hubert, devolved upon the distinguished composer, M. Ch. Gounod. This eminent musician handed in his resignation in 1860, and the *Orphéon*, continually growing in prosperity, was then divided into two sections; that of the left bank of the Seine under the direction of M. François Bazin, and that of the right under M. Jules Pasdeloup. M. Hubert was appointed inspector of the Communal schools on the right bank, and M. Foulon of those on the left. Such is, in brief, the history of the establishment and progress of the *Orphéon*. Every Thursday evening the adult pupils receive a lesson from their director, and every Sunday afternoon adults and children meet together to repeat the choruses. The division under the charge of M. Bazin meets at the Sorbonne; and the division of the right bank of the Seine has hitherto met in the hall of the Grand Orient Rue Cadet, but will soon be obliged to move. Every spring there is an exhibition of progress made, at which 1,200 chosen pupils sing, before the Prefect of the Seine and the superintending committee, the new pieces which they have learned. Their répertoire is very rich, for our best composers take pleasure in adding to it every day. Adolphe Adam, Halévy, M. Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Ch. Gounod, Fr. Bragin, and other masters have furnished for it fine choral compositions. Thanks to their directors, our *Orphéonists* cultivate by turns Pergolesi and Lesueur, Handel and Rossini, Gluck and Mendelssohn, Gretry and Weber, Mozart and Schubert, the old masters and the new, the classical and the romantic school.

Germany.

VIENNA.—If any man living has a right to quote, in reference to himself, Virgil's well-known lines commencing :

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes."

that man is Sig. Salvi, ex-manager of the Imperial Opera house, Vienna. For months did he devote all his energies towards the getting up, in *grandiose* style, of Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis;" for months did the scenic artist wield his brush, and the wardrobe woman ply her needle to aid in carrying out Signor Salvi's purpose; but first one obstacle cropped up, and then another, the upshot being that Sig. Salvi retired from the management without realizing his purpose after all. This was annoying enough, but how much more galling must be the fact that all the trouble and exertions of Sig. Salvi—about one of the most abused managers who had ever to battle with the caprices of *prime donne*, and the airs of *primi tenori* in Vienna—have gone to augment the fame of Sig. Salvi's successor on the managerial throne, Dr. Dingelstedt-to-wit, who has just produced the opera in question, with all his predecessor's spic-and-span new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The revival met with a most warm and cordial reception. In the bills, Dr. Dingelstedt introduced a judicious novelty. This was a short historical summary of the work. In this summary he informs the public that "Iphigenia in Aulis" was first produced in Paris on the 19th April, 1774; at Vienna (in a German translation,) on the 14th December, 1808; and at Berlin, on the 25th December, 1809. Till the other day, it had not been performed in Vienna since the 30th of March, 1810. It may, perhaps, interest the readers of the *Musical World* to know that the following was the cast at the period of its first production in the Austrian capital. Agamemnon, Herr Vogel; Clytemnestra, Mad. Milde; Iphigenia, Mlle. Lauchner; Achilles, Herr Radichi; and Calchas, Herr Saal. On the present occasion, Herr Beck was Agamemnon; Mlle. Benza, Iphigenia; Mad. Dustmann, Clytemnestra; Herr Walter, Achilles; and Herr Draxler, Calchas. On the first night Herr Walter was evidently indisposed, and unable to do justice to his part or to himself, but he came out very well at the second performance. The other characters were satisfactorily supported, except that of Iphigenia herself. Mlle. Benza is admirable in light, joyous parts, but wants everything calculated to achieve success in lyric tragedy. By the way, there is a report that Gluck is the composer chosen to inaugurate the new Opera house, the Emperor having ordered that the spectacular opera, "Armida," shall be performed at the opening. Mozart's "Zauberflöte" has been given with Mlle. Siegestadt as Papagena. This young lady has long been a favorite in small parts and has now proved herself capable of satisfactorily undertaking more important ones. Not so successful was Mlle. Wilde from the Breslau Stadttheater, who appeared as the Page in "Les Huguenots." She was a decided failure. Mr. Adams did not display much feeling as Raoul, though he sang the music respectfully. But what is the part of the young Protestant gentleman if not acted with spirit? Herr Rokitansky maintained his reputation as the roughest of Marcs, past, present, or future. In Verdi's "Trovatore," Herr Ferenczy made his re-appearance after an absence of several months. As far as it was possible to judge from one performance, his voice appears to have recovered its strength and quality; but whether the recovery is permanent is another thing. Throat-disease is not so easily cured. However, let us hope that in this instance the surgeons have really done their patient lasting good. It was said, some time since, that the manager of the Imperial Operahouse—whether Dr. Dingelstedt, or his predecessor, Sig. Salvi, the writer will not undertake to decide—had consented to produce Herr Bruch's "Loreley," on condition that Herr Bruch would incorporate with it the well-known *finale* left by Mendelssohn and, of course, omit his own. Whether Herr Bruch refused compliance, or the manager changed his mind, I do not know, but the probabilities are that Herr Bruch's "Loreley" will now be brought out as the composer wrote it.

Not long ago, Herr Knapp discovered in the lofts of the Burgtheater, of which he is a non-dramatic member, a collection of old scores. He was informed that they had been lying there many, many years. Glowing with the notion, and cherishing the wish, that he had come upon some unknown musical El Dorado, Herr Knapp rushes to Herr Esser, the *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse. Herr Esser immediately set about examining the mysterious collection. Alas! the scores were those of the regular stock operas by Lesneur, Persuis, Méhul, D'Alayrac, Catel, Grétry, Salieri, Gluck, Mozart, and Cimarosa, which used to be given at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. On enquiry, it turned out that they

had formerly been used there, and, when the theatre was let on lease, and ceased to be a government establishment, the scores, as Imperial property, were sent for safe keeping to the Burgtheater.

Great efforts have been made lately at the Theater an der Wien to restore what is here called "Spieloper," and in London "comic opera," to the place it once occupied in the estimation of the Viennese. The work chosen to inaugurate the experiment was "Des Teufels Antheil—La Part du Diable." Mlle. Geisinger was a charming Carlo Broschi. Herr Theodore Formes, however, was anything but a charming Raphael. It must be confessed that he acted well; nevertheless as singing, also, is required in opera, and Herr Formes has entirely lost his voice, his acting alone failed to convince the audience that the manager might not have found some artist more fitted for the part without expressly engaging Herr Theodore Formes, at a high salary, to perform it. Herr Formes appears to have felt himself that he was not a success, for he was content to let Herr Stampfer, the manager, cancel his engagement on payment of no more than 300 florins.

The manager, Herr Klerr, and the patentee, the Baroness Paqualini, having at length patched up their quarrels, the Harmonie-theater re-opened its doors with "Die drei Küsse des Teufels," a one-act opera by Offenbach; "Karolina, oder ein Lied am Golf von Neapel," by G. zu Putlitz, music by P. Gumbert; and "Ein Kuss," by H. Wotill. "Die drei Küsse" etc., one of Offenbach's earliest efforts, was very favorably received. Herr Klerr conducted in person, and was warmly greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra.

The concert season bids fair to be a brilliant one. Herr Joachim will ere long be here, and a host of minor celebrities, also, have announced their intention of favoring the inhabitants of this capital. Herr Anton Rubinstein, who was known to the Viennese a quarter of a century ago as an "infant prodigy," began the campaign by a concert in the hall of the Musikverein. The programme was, naturally, of Anton Rubinstein, Rubinstein. There was Rubinstein's fourth Concerto with orchestra, in D minor; and there were songs by Rubinstein; and, last not least, there was a liberal amount of pianoforte-playing by Rubinstein. The ex-director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory performed, also, at the first concert of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, when he selected Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia. In the latter, he achieved anything but a triumph. The concert was more than usually interesting, from the fact of Herr Herbeck's re-appearance in the capacity of conductor. At the conclusion, Herr Herbeck received quite an ovation from the audience.

LEIPZIG.—The following pieces were performed at the fifth Gewandhaus Concert:—Overture to "Die Hebriden" and *finale* from "Loreley," Mendelssohn (Leonore, Mlle. Magnus, from Vienna;) Turkish March; Dervish Chorus; and Solemn March and Chorus from "Die Ruinen von Athen," Beethoven; three songs from "Frauen Liebe und Leben," Schumann; and C-major Symphony, Schubert.—Herr Bilse has given two concerts which were extremely successful.

COLOGNE.—On the 18th instant our Conservatoire had the great honor of a Royal visit, the very first one since its foundation. Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia, accompanied by their R.R. HH. the G. Duchess of Baden, the Princess William of Baden, the G. Duke of Weimar and Suite, came expressly from Coblenz to visit this very best musical-academy in Germany. Some Choruses for female voices by F. Hiller, as well as some Solos were beautifully rendered by Mme. Marchesi's pupils, and obtained the high approbation of the Royal party. Among the different splendid voices and talents, an American young lady, Miss Sterling, an extraordinary Contralto, produced a very great sensation on the occasion. A declamation, and some violin and pianoforte productions alternated with the singing of the ladies. Her Majesty the Queen, as well as her Royal suite, addressed repeated the most flattering compliments to Madame Marchesi as well as to Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the celebrated director of the Conservatoire. At the end of the Concert, F. Hiller had the honor to introduce all the different professors of the establishment to Her Majesty the Queen.

The second Gürzenich Concert brought out the Elijah of Mendelssohn. The performance was excellent on the part of the orchestra and chorus; not so was the case with the soli, Herr Hill (from Darmstadt) Bass, Frau Peschke-Leutner (from Darmstadt) Soprano, and Fräulein Kneiss (from Minden) Contralto. The first quartet-soirée, which took place on

the 12th instant, was a very brilliant one in regard to the quality of the programme as well as to the execution of it. The third Gürzenich Concert was highly interesting. The first part of the programme included selections from Gluck's operas and Chopin's compositions; the second part was exclusively dedicated to Schubert's compositions. A pianist from Stuttgart, Fräulein Mehlig, created a very great and due sensation. A new pupil of our Conservatoire, Fräulein Bodinus, came out for the first time in this Concert, and was triumphantly received by the crowded audience. She met with a great success on singing the air with female chorus from the Iphigenie of Gluck, as well as after delivering two Lieder of Schubert. Her voice, a pure Soprano, is not a very strong one, but it is sympathetic as her appearance is charming and her method a very pure one.

AMSTERDAM.—The first grand concert of the season, the *Cecilia*, was given on Thursday evening last in our municipal Theatre. The programme was exceedingly well selected, and included the following novelties:—1. Overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* (Mendelssohn); 2. Symphony in D (Haydn); 3. Overture, *Michel Angelo* (Gade), first time of performance at these concerts; 4. Symphony No. 3, *Eroica* (Beethoven); 5. Overture, *Der Freischütz* (Weber). Seldom have I witnessed such a beautiful performance as this one. There was, so to speak, one spirit animating the whole execution from beginning to end, every piece was played with extreme regularity, brilliancy, and firmness. It really constituted the very highest pitch attainable: a perfect orchestra rendering the pieces almost with perfection.

This superiority of the *Cecilia* band is chiefly due to Mr. Verhulst's untiring efforts, his energy, his severity. Fancy that when the last concert took place early this year, they immediately began studying the different pieces of Thursday's programme! First there was one rehearsal every week; it soon increased to three; in the last nine, however, there was a rehearsal every day, regularly at eight o'clock in the morning. Heavy penalties were enforced on absentees, who, though the band be very numerous, never escaped the watchful eye of the conductor. So it is practised year after year, and I have no doubt that the immense reputation of the *Cecilia* is principally owing to this rigid drill. The sweet *Meeresstille* and Haydn's gentle symphony were of course listened to with eagerness. There was evidently also much interest in the new overture, *Michel Angelo*, by Gade. Verhulst likes Gade, and Gade likes Verhulst. Is this mutual affection a consequence of their being both pupils of the same master—of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy? Very likely, for Gade is virtually the only living composer whose works are from time to time introduced at the *Cecilia*. Our excellent conductor has such strange fancies they say; because after all, I do not see why Schumann—and Wagner above all, should not be heard if Gade is almost every year, (I say Schumann, for, though dead, his music is always considered new, taking this word in its anti-classical sense). The *Michel Angelo* overture is a firm piece of music. I prefer it to *Hamlet*, which is in my humble opinion weak and vague. Curious difference between the two overtures; *Hamlet*, being an exclusively Danish subject, is not so Scandinavian as *Michel Angelo*, an entirely Italian one. The music of the latter composition makes us think more of Thor and Thorwaldsen than of the illustrious Tuscan. It is thoroughly northern in its expression; a natural defect, but still a defect. The performance of Beethoven's immortal *Eroica*, the most beautiful piece of music that was ever conceived perhaps, delighted us all through its marvellous superiority. The familiar and magnificent overture, *Freischütz*, closed this highly successful concert in a very satisfactory manner. The theatre was crammed, no room whatever being left. The net receipts of the evening amounted to about £125.—Corr. London Orchestra, Nov. 25th.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 9.—The second of Theo. Thomas' Symphony Soirées took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, Dec. 7th. The orchestra numbered 80, and Leopold De Meyer was the soloist. The programme was as follows:—

Symphony, No. 2, D major.....	Haydn.
Piano Solo, Schubert's Serenade, transcribed and varied by Leopold De Meyer.	
Overture, C, op. 124, "Conservation of the House"	Beethoven.
Piano Solo, a. Nocturne, 'E flat.....	Chopin.
b. Soirée Musicale.....	Roseini.
3d Symphony, E flat, op. 97.....	Schumann.

The Haydn Symphony was charming in its melodic simplicity: the last movement, a quaint little rustic dance in common time, was given with great *verve* by Mr. Thomas's well-trained orchestra, as was also the Menuetto and its beautiful Trio in B flat major.

The Beethoven Overture offered a marked contrast to the first work on the programme: massive, grand, and full of rich harmony it was "solid food." The fugal passage at its close was given with great spirit, and the different *voci* were clearly and distinctly defined.

The Schumann Symphony is a most attractive work, full of ideas and rich in subtle harmonies. The 2d and 3d movements are especially attractive; the former—a delightful Scherzo in C major—is very winning. In the third phrase, where the pedal point remains persistently and resolutely on C, while the upper harmony moves through that and the relative keys, the pathetic, appealing character is very noticeable.

In the 3d movement (marked *nicht schnell* and really an *andante con moto*) a peculiarly graceful effect is produced by the setting off, as one might say, of two beautiful themes, the one against the other, by the string and wind orchestras. The whole movement is full of quiet and peace.

With regard to Mr. De Meyer's performance it becomes the duty of a faithful critic to utter a few unpleasant but necessary truths. It would be far better if at such a concert that gentleman should play music of a classical character. His selections could scarcely be dignified by that name, with the exception of the Chopin Nocturne, and that was murdered outright by the insertion of flourishes and embellishments which were thoroughly meretricious and totally devoid of the Chopin spirit. It may, perhaps, be superfluous to remark that it is useless for Mr. De Meyer to attempt to improve upon the works of the author just mentioned; any such attempt must result in failure; if we are to hear Chopin let us hear him, and not somebody else. Mr. De M.'s encores, also, were of a trashy character, the second one being apparently an ordinary (literally so) polka.

It is well that Mr. Thomas, with a most praiseworthy desire to please his patrons, should employ artists whom the musical world has acknowledged to be such, but it is not well that the character of such concerts as the Symphony Soirées should be lowered by such performances as those which I have mentioned; it is safe to say that such a display would not have been allowed in Vienna or London; nor, indeed, would it have been attempted there.

The audience, although not as large as could be wished, was an attentive and an appreciative one. The applause, however, was too indiscriminately bestowed, an error only too common with an American audience.

F.

NEW YORK, DEC. 3.—Mr. F. L. Harrison began the series of six Oratorios, previously announced, by giving on Thanksgiving evening Haydn's "Seasons," with chorus by the N. Y. Harmonic Society, and with Mme. Rosa, and Messrs. Simpson and Thomas for soloists.

This is the least interesting of Haydn's two Oratorios, and it is difficult to imagine anything more barren and dead than the text, which is from Thomson with all the poetry eliminated. Yet, being Haydn's, the music cannot fail of being always fresh, sunny and healthful; breathing of Spring-time and violets, and green banks "whereon the wild thyme blows;" or, if of sorrow at all, it is a pure, trustful grief, a gentle, innocent sadness, like that of Nature herself. The music too has another claim upon our attention, for it is the inspiration of the master's declining years, and we know that, to him, the bird-songs and murmur of waters must have sounded faintly and afar. And so we are attentive and pleased,

If not satisfied, though it is hard to realize that the same hand which penned this pretty music produced those sublime choruses, "Let there be light," and "The Heavens are telling."

Mr. Ritter was conductor and leader of orchestra, and the performance was a very successful one.

Next on the list we have Handel's "Samson," which will be given on the 11th of December, and from the number assembled to hear the "Seasons," we judge that Mr. Harrison's enterprise will be warmly supported.

The ninth Sunday evening concert [Dec 1st] witnessed the debut of a new prima donna, Miss Jenny Busk, whom we might easily believe to be a German, so faultless was her pronunciation in singing an aria from "The Magic Flute." She is, however, we are told, a native of Baltimore, and has recently returned from Europe, where she has received her education. Her voice is a pure soprano of excellent quality, with a freshness and flexibility which give promise of even more than she accomplished. Such faults of style as were discernible might easily be traced to a nervousness which on such an occasion was natural enough, and her reception was a very flattering one. Besides the Mozart aria, she sang the waltz from Romeo, and that difficult, because insipid ballad, "Coming thro' the Rye."

De Meyer coqueted with the piano, after his imitable, half vexatious, half delightful fashion, playing of course his own compositions, and, in response to an encore, taking a theme from the "Duchess of Gerolstein," which he worked out in a very fanciful and brilliant manner.

Carl Ross played the Ernst Elegie, and Mr. Colfield, at the organ, gave selections from Mendelssohn's Sonatas.

And now a word apropos of Sunday Concerts. We do not side with those who, having no idea of music, except as a means of amusement, would close the doors of the concert room on the Sabbath. On the contrary we know that there is more of truth in a Sonata of Haydn's or a song of Mendelssohn's, rightly understood, than in a score of sermons. We know also that all good music is, in a certain sense, sacred; but we wish to see all that belongs to the ball-room and all characterless piano-forte jugglery banished from the concert hall on the Sabbath, if at no other time. There is now certainly need of reform in this respect.

A. A. U.

NEW YORK, DEC. 16.—The second Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert occurred on Saturday evening Dec. 14th, notwithstanding the keenness of the air and the snowed up condition of the streets, the audience was a large one, and the cheerful looking Academy of Music was filled with the beauty and fashion of the City of Churches. I append the programme:

2d Symphony, C major.....	Schumann.
Cavatina, "St. Roman,".....	Bellini.
Mme. Florence Rice (Contralto).	
Violin Concerto, Op. 31, (first time).	Vieuxtemps.
Mme. Camille Urso.	
2 movements from unfinished Symphony in B minor, (posthumous).	Schubert.
Romance, Lurline, "Sweet Spirit,".....	Wallace.
Mme. Rice.	
Violin Solo. Mme. Urso.	
Poème Symphonique, "Les Preludes".	Liszt.

In the Symphony we see the most admirable example of Schumann's genius. I shall reserve for a future occasion an elaborate analysis of the work, and have only space in this letter to particularize the 3d movement. I can but feebly attempt to describe the skill with which the serious and lovely theme is taken, (in one passage) now by the clarinet, now by the flute, and anon by the violins, when it merges into a sustained trill on high A by the latter instruments, gradually diminishing in sound, while softly steals in the oboe with the theme, the violins meantime slowly dropping down through intermediate semitones to E flat, and then vanishing into thin air. At the close of the movement occur two themes—or rather fragments of the first, the lower one taken by

the contrabassi and sinking down, down into unfathomable depths. It is a complete and perfect poem.

The performance of the Symphony was in general satisfactory. There was, however, in the movement just mentioned, a certain shakiness in the high notes on the part of the violins.

In the two movements of Schubert's posthumous Symphony are plainly discernible traces of the genius which conceived the glorious work in C-major, of which Schumann said and wrote such noble and worthy things. The 2d movement (of the former), in E major, is quite Mendelssohnian in spirit and treatment.

Liszt's "Preludes" were doubtless interesting to those who can endure the orchestral works of that author.

Mme. Urso played with that admirable purity of tone and delicacy of touch for which that artist is so justly celebrated; had she a stronger bow there would absolutely be nothing to be desired. In the accuracy of her intonation she is second only to Joachim. The Concerto is a work of mediocre ability, noticeable only for abstruse harmonic changes, musician-like treatment and paucity of ideas.

Miss Rice sang badly. Her voice is hard and un sympathetic, and her method faulty. We would suggest to her that *drawing* is not taste, nor is it necessary to land upon particular notes with such hammer-like force.

The character of the programme is somewhat anomalous; it is evident that the standard of the Brooklyn Society is below that of the New York one. The former is, however, a younger institution, and one must not expect too much of taste while in a state of growth.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 21, 1867.

Symphony Concerts.

The third of the series (Dec. 5) appeared to interest the audience as much as any of its predecessors, although neither of the two Symphonies was a *great* one. Such an audience is in itself almost as harmonizing and inspiring as the music; indeed, with the one exception perhaps of that to which Mr. Dickens read, these Symphony audiences in character are about the best large audiences found anywhere. Better listeners to the best, we never knew; it is not their fault that a few restless exceptional ones disturb their enjoyment by coming in late or going out early. The orchestra still shows a better spirit and new signs of improvement. Never before has it been in so good a condition to make the following programme thoroughly appreciated.

Overture to "Genoveva".	Schumann.
Aria: "Non più di fior," from "La Clemenza di Tito".	Mozart.
Mme. Jenny Kempton.	
Symphony, No. 4 in B flat.	Gade.
Symphony in G.	Haydn.
Song: a. "Allurement," (The Water Sprites). Désaix.	Mendelssohn.
b. "Hunting Song."	Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Jenny Kempton.	
Overture to "Euryanthe".	Weber.

The novelties were the two light but very pleasing Symphonies. Particularly charming was the one by Haydn, which is not found in the usual set of twelve composed for Salomon in London, and which we suspect was never played before in this country. It is a delightful Symphony; so bright and gay and full of frolic and imaginative humor in the quick movements; so deep and sweet and tender, at once serene and solemn, in the beautiful Largo (perhaps some of the audi-

ence recognized in its theme an old psalm tune of their younger days, which "Music-of-Nature" Gardiner had clipped out of it, and which in the early editions of the Handel and Haydn Collection went, if we remember rightly, by the name of "Milton"). The theme of the first Allegro is a short, almost trivial little phrase in itself, but it is worked up most felicitously, dancing like a sunbeam all about the walls. The third movement is a most genuine Minuet, as distinguished from the modern Scherzo; and the Trio, with its quaint and subtle play of melody, upon a drone bass in fifths, tickles the ear and fancy as the play of opaline colors does the eye. But the most humorous of all is the Finale, the subject of which is homely enough for a contra-dance (a country dance, if you will); but then the dancers are so fine, there is so much life and wit and genius, so much contrast of character, such a wealth of good spirits, such quick invention, quick perception of everything that can be pressed into the service, all in motion to the homely tune:—in other words it is so artistically worked up, with all the arts of imitation, illustration, contrast of instrumental colors, that it seems to swarm with happy thoughts. Haydn is not great or deep like Beethoven; his forms, his orchestra, are small compared with the more modern Symphonists; but our musical public began with Beethoven, and know him now so well that it is high time we supplied the blank in our education and made ourselves familiar with those perfect models of the symphonic art, as such, the Symphonies of Father Haydn. They are so wholesome and refreshing! And why must we always crave a great excitement? It is a good thing to be children when we can. Now this is drinking child-like joy from goblets that are masterworks of Art.

Gade's fourth Symphony is not at all comparable for genius and originality to the first, the well-known one in C minor. It has the charm of the same wild Northern mood; the same images and snatches of old song and tradition haunt the imagination; and the style of workmanship is the same. But it is a feebler effort of creation, a vain attempt to say something new out of a remembered inspiration. The only strikingly original thing in it is the Scherzo. Yet all the movements are beautiful, particularly the Andante, and the whole a very pleasing thing to listen to for a few times. It was no fault of Mr. ZERRAHN and the Orchestra if it was not highly enjoyed, for it was nicely rendered, as was the Haydn after it.

The great things of the programme were the two Overtures, both of which were played for the third season in these Concerts. They were better played, and their power and beauty more deeply felt, than ever before,—although the noise of late comers blurred the *Genoveva* picture for not a few.

Mrs. KEMPTON sang the great Aria from *Tito* with taste and feeling, in a large and noble style; and the delicious orchestral accompaniments went to a charm; the florid clarinet *obbligato*, running all through the piece, claiming especial mention for the beautiful tone and style in which it was played. The smaller songs were choice and very nicely sung to Mr. Dresel's accompaniment.

An interval of four weeks occurs before the fifth Concert (Jan. 16.), of which the main features will be the great C-major Symphony by Schubert; a Schubert Overture,—either that to "Fierabras," or one not yet heard, to "Alfonse and Estrella;" and the first of Beethoven's Piano Concertos, in C, played by Mr. B. J. LANG,—the last one of the five which yet remains unheard in these Concerts.

Italian Opera.

Italian Opera, as managed in this country, is not an improving institution. We had the best of it, that we seem likely ever to get, years ago. From year to year, as a rule, it all the time grows worse. The only thing that is learned by so much experience seems to be, not how to do it better, but how to do it cheaper; how to make what is third-rate pass with a sufficient number of paying people for first-rate; for if the real music-lovers, if the cultivated and refined become indifferent to it, there is always a fresh public, of would-be fashionables, *nouveaux riches*, who have a notion that it is "the thing" and of course all very fine. It does not improve, and therefore must deteriorate, because it is not an institution, but is left altogether to individual speculation,—so that advertisement has as much to do with its success as Art.

This is only general comment on the state and tendency of Opera in this country. It is not saying, that it never offers us anything good. Of course there must be something of real excellence on which to base an appeal even to an ignorant public, and the knowing ones must be to some extent conciliated:—how to do this the most economically, is the managerial problem.

The company at Selwyn's beautiful Theatre these two weeks past, has at any rate given a much better representation of *Don Giovanni* and of *Il Barbieri*, than we have had for a long time. Indeed, in most respects, the *Don Giovanni* was capital. Mme. PARKEPA ROSA's all-sufficiency of voice, with her consummate vocal art, as well as fine dramatic verve and well-sustained, consistent action, made one of the most effective Donna Anna that we have ever known. The wonderful music and pathos of the first scene told for the first time almost for what it is worth. In the great recitative and aria: *Or sai chi l'ouore*, she rose to thrilling heights of lyric declamation; and the "Letter" Aria (*Non mi dir*) was most nobly, beautifully rendered. She, although with less of the fine sympathetic quality than many singers in all else inferior, seemed to put life into the whole performance, so that all did their best.

Miss HAUCK made a charmingly coquettish, girlish Zerlina, acting it to the life and singing very finely; nor had her voice lost any of its fresh, true, vibrating quality, as we thought it had in Juliet, a character entirely too ideal for her. Miss RONCONI at least looked Elvira sweetly, and represented the part sensibly,—which seldom can be said of the Elviras; in the scene with Leporello she acted just right. Her singing is feeble, yet now and then, overcoming timidity, she gives a passage tellingly and sweetly, and the quality of the voice is musical and sympathetic. BELLINI really made a capital Don Juan; his sonorous baritone told at all points, and his action lacked neither liveliness nor dignity; but he spoiled the simplicity of the Serenade melody. RONCONI, in better voice than last year, made an exquisitely droll Leporello; if he make the farce sometimes too broad, as is the way with all of them, you still feel all the time that he is an artist. The orchestra, under Bergmann's sure baton, was respectable; the choruses, scenery and all, uncommonly good, and there was more spirit than usual in the first finale (the Ball scene).

We never liked Mme. ROSA so much as in *Donna Anna*, unless it were in *Rosina*. There she sang and acted with the greatest life and ease and fluency; and RONCONI's Figaro and ANTONUCCI's Basilio were so excellent, that "The Barber" was relished with a fresh zest. Sig. BARAGLIA did very creditably as *Almaviva*, as he did also as *Don Ottavio*; his voice is sweet, he sings with feeling, and has a nicely finished florid execution; only in large and even melody a weak *tremolo* besets him.

Of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which we heard only once, our first impression accords with that of the majority, we think. The opera as a whole falls far short of its home, and of Shakespeare. Musically it has fine passages, ingenious points of instrumentation, &c., but contains much that is trivial, more that is tame. Every one felt the family likeness with the *Faust* music; it is the same inspiration feebly recalled. Corresponding situations correspondingly treated: thus, the really fine thing in it, the lovers' duet in the fourth act, is the Garden Scene in *Faust* again, but not so good as that; the pretty Romanza of the Page answers to Siebel's song; Juliet's song of girlish joy in the first scene, a mere waltz, is not so interesting as Gretchen's Jewel aria; Mercutio's Queen

Mad song, an utter failure with all the fantastical strivings, hardly humors, in the orchestra, answers to Mephisto's drinking song; the fight in the third act, to that in *Faust*, but with strong suggestion of the *Huguenots*. Perhaps the most original and happy thought of all is the Overture with the chanted Prologue by all the *dramatis persona en tableaux vivants*.—But these are mere impressions. The performance was fair. Sig. PANCANI, a big and burly man for a Romeo, has a tenor of good volume and sweetness, and sang with delicate and chaste expression. The Juliet was rather too doll-like.

Mme. ROSA has also sung in *Il Trovatore* and *Norma*; and there have been indifferent performances of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Crispino* and *Ernani*. Another novelty, Petrella's comic "Carnival of Venice," we have not yet heard. The audiences were small until Parépa came.

Pianos at the Exposition.

We have not meddled much in the great controversy. In common, doubtless, with nearly all our readers, finding the newspapers full of it *ad nauseam*, we long ago had ceased to read. Moreover, with most musical persons hereabouts, we have come to our own opinions in our own way, hearing and judging for ourselves, and should prefer the average of Chickering pianos to any Steinway that we ever heard, in spite of French Juries, Mons. Féris, or the Emperor himself. We never thought they needed any such endorsement. Merit makes its own way with or without medals. Indeed this medal competition at great Expositions stirs up excitement by so many questionable means, raises such a senseless clamor, such a dust, that calm, unbiased judgment becomes almost impossible. How can one get a clear impression in such a turbulent arena? Anywhere else, in the concert rooms of one's own town, at home in his own house, can one judge better than in circumstances so exceptional. We wish the Emperor, should his ambition ever prompt him to give another World's Exposition, would have it absolutely without medals or awards; the comparison of products would be equally instructive, and the conclusions far more genuine.

But here has been a question of fact: Which party had the highest award? Touching which we once ventured, having got hold of a document not then published in this country, the "Liste Officielle des Récompenses," &c., to suggest an inference from it, which now appears to be the right one. In our paper of Aug. 17, we translated a portion of the List, adding this comment:

It will be seen from the above that the *Decorations* are classed as the highest grade of honor; next comes the *Grand Prize*, awarded only to M. SAX; and third in grade in the *Grand Medal*. The piano-making house of Erard placed itself out of the competition by the fact that one of its members (M. Schaeffer) was on the Jury; but on this gentleman, as well as on Mr. Chickering, was bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor; why, if not by way of recognizing these two as at the head of all the makers of Pianos? The French have long regarded the Erard as the *Grand Piano* of all the world, beyond competition; by this act now they welcome the Chickering to an equal place beside the object of their own pride.

That this obvious interpretation was the right one is now definitely settled by the following:

PARIS, Nov. 19, 1867.

LETTER FROM MR. C. F. CHICKERING. My attention has several times been called to paragraphs and extracts in American journals, stating that the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which was conferred upon me on the 1st of July last, as the representative of the firm of Chickering & Sons, as an award from the Exposition Universelle, "was a mere personal compliment;" that I "had bought it;" that "it had nothing to do with the Exposition;" that "the order had been obtained by Mr. F. Chickering, who produced it personally, and upon personal application for the same, from the French Government;" that "it is a personal matter, outside of and without the slightest connection with the official awards of the Exposition;" that "I did not receive it till several days after the 1st of July;" and many other remarks of the same nature.

Knowing full well the source from which these statements emanate, and as the facts with official proofs had already been published, I had up to this time considered it unnecessary to make any denial of these reports; but, as I find that such statements are still being extensively copied and reproduced, I feel it a duty to myself and to the interests of the firm of which I am a member, to make a positive denial of all such statements, which are evidently written and published for the sole purpose of giving to this award a false and deteriorated value in the opinion of the American public; and in making this denial I beg leave to call attention to the following facts:

I never in any way, either directly or indirectly, asked for, nor did I ever use any influence, personal or otherwise, to obtain this high distinction.

My official notification of the award is dated June 30, 1867, and was received by me on the 1st of July. Its connection with the official awards of the Exposition can be understood from the following extract from the official organ of the French Empire, *Le Moniteur*, of July 2, 1867, which, in the list of awards, under the head of "Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor," places, among other names, that of "Monsieur Chickering, Factor de Pianos, Exposant," and its relative value can be seen from the following extract of the report of Mons. Rouher, French Minister of State and Vice-President of the Imperial Commission, read before the Emperor and the Public, at the distribution of awards on the 1st of July.

"Thanks to an activity which had surmounted all obstacles, the decisions demanded for the jury for the first of July are all rendered, and the result can be proclaimed to-day before your Majesty. The jury has distributed to the exhibitors 64 grand prizes, 883 gold medals, 3653 silver medals, 6565 bronze medals, 5801 honorable mentions.

"The present solemnity is crowned by the proclamation of still higher rewards.

"Your Majesty has deigned to award to the most eminent of the exhibitors of this pacific strife 'The Imperial Cross of the Legion of Honor.'

It may be that the friends and correspondents who write in the interests of other exhibitors, who did not receive this award, know more of the value of the different recompenses than do those who occupy high positions in the management and government of the Exposition; but while I have the power to base my claims upon facts and proofs as well founded as the foregoing extracts, I shall still continue to claim and to announce as we have already done, that the Cross of the Legion of Honor is the "Highest Award" awarded by the "Exposition Universelle," and that Chickering & Sons are the only Competing Exhibitors of Pianos who have received the double recompense of the "Cross of the Legion of Honor" and a First Gold Medal.

(Signed) C. F. CHICKERING.

THE PIANOS. Conclusive Proof of the Highest Award to Chickering & Sons. The following letters have just been received from Paris by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, which clearly and very plainly prove that the Gold Medals at the Paris Exhibition were all alike and of equal value, and that the Cross of the "Legion of Honor" was awarded by a higher power than the Juries, viz.: by the Emperor, as a "Superior Award" over Medals for the superior merit of the Chickering Pianos:

Copy of a letter from Monsieur Férit, Member and Reporter of the Jury of the 10th Class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867:

[Translation]

BAUSSELS, Nov. 19, 1867.

Mr. Chickering:

Sir.—I cannot refuse to declare, as member of the Jury of the 10th Class, that which is undeniably established by the *Moniteur* of 24 July, 1867, viz.:

That there is one single class of Gold Medals for the Exhibitors; that the Decoration of the Legion of Honor constitutes a recompense of a superior order, and that it had been accorded to you by the Emperor for the merit of your instruments.

Accept my salutation,

(Signed) FÉRIT.
Member of the Jury of the 10th Class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

Copy of letters from Ambroise Thomas and F. A. Gavert, Members of the Jury:

Gentlemen:
I must tell you that whatever may be the Order in which the names have been inscribed in each kind of recompense awarded in the 10th Class, the Gold Medal—to speak of this one—is the First Medal. There are not two classes of Gold Medals.

Receive my salutations.

(Signed)

AMBROISE THOMAS.

I am completely of the opinion of my confrere Thomas.
(Signed) F. GAVERT.

NEW HAVEN.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed on the 10th inst. by the Mendelssohn Society, with the aid of some of our Boston singers, who no doubt deserve the compliment contained in the following notice from the *Palladium*:

The chorus, numbering between eighty and ninety, sang the difficult music allotted to them with great steadiness. The first and second chorales were given with a good volume of sound, and the smoothness so requisite for this species of composition. Their lovely melodies, especially that of "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," evidently deeply impressed the audience. The very difficult chorus, "Rise up, Arise! and Shine!" was sung with much precision and force, as was also that in the same part, "The Lord He is Good." The Gentle choruses, so perfectly contrasted in style with the Jewish and Christian music, were also finely done. Mrs. H. M. Smith more than maintained the favor she had already won by her admirable singing at the previous concerts of the Mendelssohn. She was in excellent voice and delivered the numerous recitations which fell to her share with much dramatic force and admirable enunciation—the latter a rare quality. The beautiful aria "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" was sung with most delicate and touching feeling, and with a simplicity which showed the conscientious artist.

Mrs. Smith also took the contralto air "But the Lord is mindful," and gave it with a rare depth of tone and beauty of expression. This is a vocal feat of which any singer might be proud. Mr. James Whitney rendered the tenor music very successfully; the air "Be Thou Faithful" was given with great tenderness. Of his brother, Mr. M. W. Whitney, we have only to say that he was in superb voice, and throughout the whole of his difficult part showed himself an admirable artist. We were willing to make allowance for the orchestra, composed as it was so largely of members of the recently formed Philharmonic Society, who have had, as yet, but slight opportunity of practicing together. They, however, did not need indulgence, performing their part very steadily, and giving every reason to anticipate for the new society a successful career, and that the day is not distant when New Haven will have an orchestra of its own. Dr. Anderson led with his usual ability.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Wolfsohn has been solicited to repeat the series of Beethoven Matinées given in the season of 1865-66, and has engaged the Foyer of the Academy of Music for that purpose. A matinée will be given on alternate Fridays, commencing January 3d, and the course will end on May 8th.

The whole number of Sonatas composed for Piano Solo will be performed, and, during the series, songs of a character to correspond with the general style of these performances will be introduced.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Beethoven's Seventh Symphony stirred "the heart of the Commonwealth," last Saturday evening. It was a new emotion, and came in the "Grand Army Course of Entertainments." A small orchestra of 24 of the best Boston musicians, with Zerrahn for conductor, performed it to the great delight of all. The Second Part of the concert opened with the Overture to *Der Freischütz* and closed with that to *La Sirène* by Auber; the intervening space being filled with songs, trios, violoncello solo, Strauss waltzes, &c.—The Lagrange-Brigoli Opera troupe performed *Martha* here last week, Miss McCulloch taking the place of Mme. Lagrange, who was ill.—The Mozart and Beethoven Choral Union announced the *Messiah* for Christmas night.

DEATH OF PACINI.—A dispatch dated yesterday, at Florence, mentions the death of Giovanni Pacini, the Italian composer. His opera of *Safra*, played some years ago here and in other American cities, is the only one by which he is well known; but during his long life he wrote thirty or forty operas, most of which had considerable success. Pacini was born at Syracuse, in Sicily, in 1790, but going to Rome in his youth, he became known as "Pacini di Roma." He studied composition at Bologna, under Marchesi and Mattei, and, when 18 years old, produced an opera at Venice, which succeeded. In after years he wrote operas for all the principal Italian theatres. Madame Pasta sang in his *Niobe* at the San Carlo in Naples in 1826, and that is considered one of his best works. In 1830 his *Gioconda d'Arco* was produced at La Scala, with Rubini, Tanburini and Mme. Lalanda in the principal parts; but it failed, and the failure so mortified and disgusted its author, that he refused to write any more operas, and he has lived in idle retirement ever since. His style was modeled on that of Rossini's earlier works, and is more distinguished by graceful melody than by learning or originality. In addition to his operas, Pacini wrote a number of masses and other religious and secular works.—*Bulletin, Philadelphia.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Tender Green. Song. Carl Zerrahn. 30

German and English words, a highly finished character of composition, and a good melody.

Gather flowers in the summer time. W. C. Baker. 40

When leaves are falling round. Answer to "Leaf by leaf the roses fall." S'g & Cho. Bishop. 35
Two songs of, perhaps, equal beauty, and both decidedly good.

As pants the hart. 42d Psalm. Solo and Qt. C. V. Morrison. 40

Bow down thine ear, O Lord. Solo and Qt. C. H. Gerrish. 50

But the Lord is mindful of his own. S'g. St Paul. 50
The first two authors will not wish to compare their works with Mendelssohn's. But it is a gratifying fact that our musicians are continually improving in skill, and these and similar compositions are good enough "to go anywhere."

Absence. Song. S. D. S. 30

Are you coming, Annie, coming? Song. Keller. 30
Very pretty and taking.

The fellow that looks like me. Song & Chorus. Arlington. 30

Oh! my heart goes pit-a-pat. Guitar. Hayden. 30
Comic, pretty, and the last one already well-known.

The Bird's Nest. Song. Cherry. 30
A very sweet and innocent song, suited to all ages.

Instrumental.

The star thou lovest. Valse brill. Engelbrecht. 40
Has the composer's characteristic elegance of construction, and brilliant. Of medium difficulty.

L'Africaine, Polka. Wayside Flowers. 4 hds. Russell. 35

Le Rêve, Quickstep. " " " 35

Fairy Wedding Waltz. " " " 35

Crispino Galop. " " " 35
Four very welcome little pieces, conveniently arranged for learners.

The Oaks Polka. H. Tissington. 40
"Handsome" Polka, and elegant title.

Souvenir de l'Èté. Mazurka de Salon. Mercier. 50
Somewhat difficult, but graceful.

Ye merry birds. Trans. W. C. Kidder. 75
The beautiful song is well known, and the transcriptions or variations are well managed.

New Derby Galop. Marriott. 60

Guard's Schottisch. Mock. 30

Romping Galop. Kinkel. 30
Three pretty sparkles of melody, in which those fond of romping can go with the Guards to the Derby, and hear good music on the way.

The last dream. Meditation religieuse for piano. Aubert. 50
A sweet, musical meditation, for those who like to "meditate" with their fingers.

Books.

Vaccan's Practical Method of Italian Singing. Trans. by T. T. Barker. 2.50

Still another aid to teachers of vocal culture. An exceedingly valuable work.

Libretto of Romeo and Juliette. By Gounod. 30
Don Carlos. Verdi. 30

Don't go to the opera without one of this set in your hand. The enjoyment of hearing is greatly enhanced by being able to follow the melodies as they are sung.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

